

Silhouette



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Silhouette



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No. 5

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ELWYNNE WILLIAMS, *Editor*

Across the Editor's Desk

WE AGAIN present our "silhouette" of news and club activities with apologies for its tardiness, the Editor having skipped off for holidays at the last minute, instead of "editing".



BETH FERGUSON
Editor

As another year draws towards its close, we welcome a new Editor, and to her I extend my very best wishes. Much praise, I may say, goes to the printers and Mr. Brown, to Brigden's the engravers, and the artist who designed the cover, for their skill and assistance in giving this little volume such a presentable appearance. I am very grateful, too, for the assistance of the people who so willingly contributed material.

As Autumn descends upon us with its glory, the countryside is quiet and serene in the fruitfulness of the harvest season; here children laugh in glee as leaves of burnished gold drift gently down upon the grass—across the seas they must scurry to shelters as bombs hurtle death and destruction from the skies!

Let us give thanks for our harvests—not of death and horror, but of golden grain and mellow fruits. May we be inspired by the heroism of the men, women and children upon whom suffering and sorrow have already fallen, to do all that is within our power to help in this desperate struggle for liberty, and prove ourselves worthy of the great traditions left by our forefathers.

"Not that false pride which dreams, content
With what its sires have won.
The blood a hero's sire hath spent
Still nerves a hero's son".



From the President

TO THE outgoing President and her executive, may I express our sincere gratitude for their untiring efforts in our behalf. Their example of positions most capably filled is one difficult to follow, but may we, the new executive, realize and meet the demands of our respective offices to the best of our ability.

"Nobody grows old by merely living a number of years; people grow old only by deserting their ideals. Years wrinkle the skin, but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul. Worry, doubt, self-distrust, fear and despair—these are the long, long years that bow the head and turn the growing spirit back to dust". Thus it has been written. And now, as never before, we need ideals; we need enthusiasm; and we need to try to overcome dread worry, doubt, self-distrust, fear and despair.

It is a beautiful part of the world in which we are privileged to live these days. Let us take courage from the gorgeous colorings of our Autumn and let us push ahead to a year full of worthwhile accomplishment.

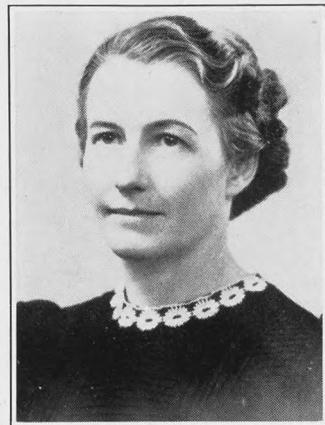
ISABEL A. CLARK



OLIVE HAMILTON
Vice President



PATRICIA BROWN
Recording Secretary



MONA MARTIN
Treasurer

The Ladies' Club Dinner

THE Ladies' Club Annual Dinner was held in the Main Dining Room of the Hudson's Bay Company store early in September.

First—and very important, of course, there was dinner. When we had partaken liberally of this, we turned our chairs about, tucked in our toes and sat back very contentedly to watch an excellent display of physical exercises, beautifully executed to music. This was supervised by Miss Hayes, and it brought to our minds the "Keep Fit" class now being organized at the office—"We must join!"

While we were reflecting thus, and feeling a little guilty about lounging so comfortably after dinner, the new Executive were introduced by the retiring President, Miss Berneice Bedson. Miss Agnes Hart, the retiring Vice President, then presented Miss Bedson with a gift from the Executive and representative committee as a token of their appreciation.

We were afterwards delightfully entertained by an address on "Wake Up and Live" from Mrs. Hembroff MacDonald, who had delighted us on a previous occasion. Mrs. MacDonald, with charming mannerisms, told us how to go about getting the most out of life; how to be alert for any pleasant surprises life might have in store for us just around the next corner. She told us how to modulate voices, improve posture, and generally banish the carelessness that tends to overtake the best of us.

We were sitting very erect in our chairs by the time she had finished speaking and most of us had made many firm resolves. We could see ourselves tripping down Portage Avenue with sparkling eyes and graceful walk, just thrilling to the joy of living! Just how many of these visions will endure on the day before pay-day when one springs a run in one's only pair of hose, I can hazard a good guess!

It was a very enjoyable evening, and concluded with lively singing of "There'll always be an England".



GERTRUDE SHAW
Corresponding Secretary



JEAN FRANCIS
Librarian



HEATHER LESLIE
Chairman of Athletics

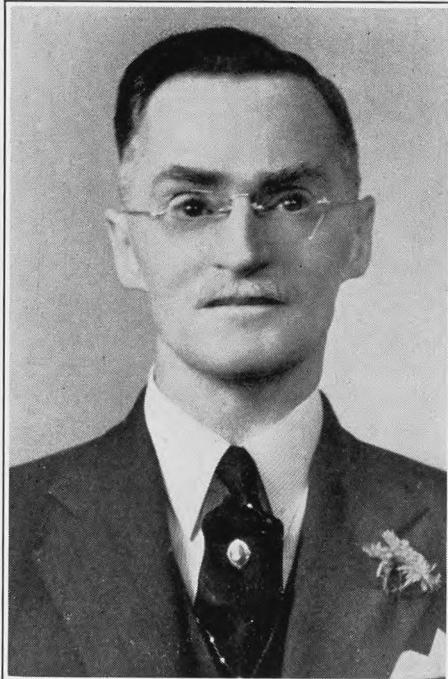
W. J. Shepherd Retires

At Minaki Inn, on the occasion of the 1940 staff picnic, the official farewell ceremony took place marking the retirement of Mr. W. J. Shepherd from the service of the Company. There at a gathering of the officers and staff of Head Office, Mr. A. J. D. Morgan, Assistant General Manager of the Company, made a presentation of a handsome silver tray on behalf of the Men's Club. Mr. Shepherd rose to reply, and after saying that he had never before made a formal speech, and that he

was no public speaker, proceeded to express his appreciation in a speech which was outstanding for its wealth of humour and evidences of kindly interest in his associates.

We shall long remember the delightfully expressed biographical details given in that speech, and for that reason it is necessary in this sketch merely to fill in the gaps which Mr. Shepherd in his modesty omitted. As he told us, he came out from Liverpool in 1901, a young Englishman, ambitious to become a farmer in Western Canada. After some 9 years he had demonstrated his ability as a homesteader, and he then came to Winnipeg to join the G.W.L. staff where he was to remain for 30 years and to prove that he was gifted also with talents as an office man.

It is interesting to have Mr. Shepherd recall events of the days when he was a stenographer in the office. In 1910, for instance, the staff was in process of coalescing after the visit of an efficiency



W. J. SHEPHERD

resourceful young steno—and the letters were mailed.

Succeeding years saw a steady broadening of Mr. Shepherd's responsibilities. In 1911, he became assistant to Mr. G. M. Reid in charge of Advertising, Purchasing, Printing and Employment. In 1920, he was appointed Employment and Purchasing Manager for the Company, and until 1923 was responsible also for advertising work. During his career Mr. Shepherd purchased goods for the Company to the value of well over a million dollars. He also hired several hundred people, many of whom were young women who later deserted office work for marriage, but continue to remember Mr. Shepherd, the friend and counsellor of their G.W.L. days.

For 25 of his 30 years in the office, Mr. Shepherd's position was one of major responsibility. His qualities of zeal and conscientious devotion to duty, his willingness to shoulder responsibility and above all, his frank and straightforward way of

expert imported from New York. Most people hold the apparently erroneous view that the efficiency expert is a modern phenomenon! Then again, he speaks of facing an awkward situation one Summer evening during his term as stenographer for the Managing Director, Mr. J. H. Brock. Under strict orders from Mr. Brock to type and mail certain letters immediately, he returned to the office about 8 o'clock, only to find the place locked and deserted. A fire escape and an open window solved this problem for the

dealing with people, enabled him to do his job in a way that won for him not only the approval of the Management, but the respect and friendship of his fellow workers and those outside the organization with whom his work brought him into contact. Perhaps no greater tribute could be paid to Mr. Shepherd than to say that in a job that frequently compelled him to say "No" his popularity grew rather than diminished with the passing of the years.

Mr. Shepherd has found time to take part in activities outside of his work and his choice of these has been discriminatory rather than widespread. He has not been one to pretend an interest in things that had no appeal for him, but those things which attracted him received his wholehearted and active support.

Through 15 years of association with the Dramatic Club he made a notable contribution to the social life of the office, and it was fitting that he was elected President of that body in 1938. Upon his suggestion, a make-up class was formed in 1932 and this class not only solved one of the problems of the Club but has provided to many members an interesting way of participating in the Club's work. Mr. Shepherd organized the Orchestra in 1925, has been its conductor since 1932, and has done continuous and untiring work in its maintenance and development. He also served on the Executive of the Men's Club in 1923 and 1924. Since his retirement he has been elected an honorary life member of the Club.

Outside the office, Mr. Shepherd's chief interest has been gardening. He is an authority on the growing of flowers and for the past ten years has been a member of the Winnipeg Horticultural Society, serving on the Board of Directors for two years, in 1937 and 1938. For 15 years, 1907 to 1922, he was a member of the 90th Regiment's militia unit, in which he attained the rank of Company Sergeant Major. Recently, Mr. Shepherd has become interested in first-aid work and at the present time is Secretary-Treasurer of the Fort Garry Division of the St. John's Ambulance Corps.

An unofficial and impromptu ceremony took place on the 7th floor on his last day in the office, when the members of his own and associated departments presented him with a gold watch chain. Also, at this time, he was presented with a purse of gold from the office at large, this being the result of a wholly spontaneous desire on the part of everyone to be allowed to participate in a parting gift.

We understand that Mr. Shepherd will continue to reside in Norwood at 95 Hillcrest Avenue, and we hope that he will find time to keep up his association with us. Anyone wishing to see what a real Pansy, Shasta Daisy, or Pom-Pom Dahlia looks like, would do well to drop around to 95 Hillcrest next summer!

Ed. Note: We have been informed that Mr. Shepherd has consented to continue as leader of the Orchestra during the coming season.

Week-End

..... Do not say
We must go back tomorrow to our work.
We'll tell them we are dead: we died today.
We're lazy. We're too happy. We will shirk.
We're cows. We're kettles. We'll be anything
Except the manikins of time and fear.
We'll start away tomorrow wandering,
And nobody will notice in a year . . .
Now the great sun is slipping underground.
Grip firmly!—How the earth is whirling round.

Be staid; be careful; and be not too free.
Temptation to enjoy your liberty
May rise against you, break into a crime,
And smash the habit of employing Time.
It serves no purpose that the careful clock
Mark the appointment, the officious train,
Hurry to keep it, if the minutes mock
Loud in your ear: 'Late. Late. Late again.'
Week-end is very well on Saturday:
On Monday it's a different affair—
A little episode, a trivial stay
In some oblivious spot somehow, somewhere.
On Sunday night we hardly laugh or speak;
Week-end begins to merge itself in Week.

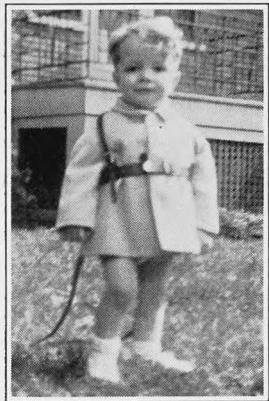
—HAROLD MONRO.

(Alas! but how true!—Ed.)

From Our Branches

QUEBEC

Everyone here have taken their holidays, except one of the girls, who is actually vacationing in Winnipeg, Miss R. E. Drouin, of the Conservation Department. She is to make a point to visit Head Office and tell us all about it. We are anxious to hear all she'll have to say.



Mr. G. Taschereau has joined the R.C.A.F. on September 12. He has been in to see us and told us that he likes it very much.

I am enclosing a photo of Mr. A. Gauthier's baby son, George. When the picture was taken he was only 15 months old. We all think he looks like his father, which is a feather in his cap!

Supervisor and Mrs. G. A. J. Boisvert are the proud parents of a baby girl, born during the first days of September. Congratulations!

As you will see, we haven't much to say. Let's hope it will be more interesting next time. We are all anxious to have another issue of "The Silhouette".

OTTAWA

Wednesday, September 18, was a hey-day for Ottawa's Great-West Life.

At four o'clock the Great-West doors closed for the day, and everyone packed into cars and drove out to Sunset Bay for a swim and weiner roast. However, there were only five of us who "felt" like going in. The water was cold, but it only made us appreciate the food more, cooked under the expert direction of Mr. Varey.

There were two special reasons for everyone feeling good, but one for us feeling sad.

Lovable Louis Kelly, who had worked with us for over two years, was giving up his work for a career. He's gone to London University to pursue his interests in Science and Biology. Whenever there was a form, an envelope, or a mislaid card to be found, we could trust Louis to find it for us. He was a grand boy, and we will miss him very much.

We had two jovial friends with us in the form of Mr. Sam Turnbull, Group Supervisor for Ontario, and his charming wife, who were visiting from Toronto.

Last year, in our column, we made mention of "dear old Benny" who had taken to her "wings". Well, she was visiting in Ottawa, so we just couldn't give a party without her. She was right in there, cracking jokes, and making the men happy.

When everything, and I do mean everything, had been eaten, Mr. Varey got out his camera and took some candid shots. While Mr. Panet presented Louis with a leather club bag, a gift from the office staff, we all smiled sweetly for the one posed picture of the group.

At eight o'clock, everyone tired out, we packed into the cars once more, and Mr. Varey, with a stalk of corn on the radiator cap of his coupe, led the way down the highway at the end of a perfect day.

So long, until next year!

MONTREAL

Regarding the activities in the Montreal 1 Branch, apart from our move, which took place on the 4th of May last, little excitement has ruffled the peace of our establishment here this Summer. Following the period known as the Great Upheaval, we settled down and grew smug about our handsome surroundings, even blasé about the lovely new desks and everything. The view down the St. Lawrence River from the fourteenth floor of this building, which was simply breath-taking for the first few days, is now just a harbor to us. It's sad in a way, but inevitable I suppose.

We've had flutters though. Our young agents have been showing off around here in their uniforms and from the staff, Tommy Keenan and John Milledge went to camp. We lost Miss Pat McCabe and Miss Helen Lorimer last month, and Miss Berthe Benard became absorbed in the matrimonial whirlpool. Then we gained Miss Cloutier, Miss Clark and Miss Theberge and Mr. Carney Walsh—so we seem to be one up.

We did not have a picnic this Summer, hence no snapshots of so-and-so winning the hundred yard dash, and no bathing beauties. We are sorry to be so beastly negative, we don't mean to imply that life is just passing us by. It's just that we are proceeding in an orderly fashion, getting on with our knitting, literally, I mean. Everyone seems to be having fun, all the holiday sunburns are wearing off and we are shaking the moth balls out of the Winter woollies.

Greetings from Montreal 1.

SASKATOON

Attention Calgary Office

Hope you are taking good care of our Mr. Carver. We hated to see him go, but gather from his recent letters that he is in good hands. The Carver family are extra-special, but you probably know that by now.

Attention Vancouver Office

We appreciate your recent loss in our new Branch Manager, Mr. MacRury. The MacRurys are a very welcome addition to our fair city and all we can say is, "Try to get them back!"

Attention Saskatoon Visitors

We won't mention all your names and tell you individually how much we enjoyed meeting you, but we will say that you are welcome any time you can include Saskatoon in your itinerary. P.S.—If your friends are as nice as you are, bring them along.

Attention Vacationers

Did you spend your time this Summer shooting par golf, taking a trip to Eastern Ontario, dashing down to Winnipeg for a few days, basking in the northern sunshine

at our National Park, enjoying the hospitality of the Pacific Coast, and the Air Force, (QUIET, Please!), dieting because you had a stomach ulcer (you certainly did a good job of it, Norm)? If you didn't do any of these things you missed out on a grand holiday. With little or no trouble, except financing, we managed to cover all the territory mentioned—(and cure the ulcer), and all in all, the 1940 Summer holidays can go on record as "tops".

Attention Branch Office Instructioners

Our conscience has been bothering us. We made an awful fuss when the results of your efforts came rolling in every few days, but we are beginning to appreciate their true worth. Confidentially, they have helped us out of many a tight spot. Thanks a lot and PLEASE don't work so hard!

Attention Branch Reporters

If we were the right kind of people we would write you individual letters of appreciation, but we aren't. However, we do want you to know that your news is read and reread by all of us and right now we would like to take a moment and our hats off to Mr. Jamieson of Edmonton for his amusing write-up on the Edmonton Staff—it was a honey!

Attention Silhouette Editress and Her Staff

While we are in the appreciating mood we cannot overlook the splendid job you are doing. Aren't you proud of yourselves? Our "Silhouette" Library is one of our most treasured possessions.—(Many thanks. That warms my heart exceedingly.—ED.)

Attention any Reader who has Persevered to this Length

Thank you for listening, and to show we appreciate your kindly interest (we won't call it perseverance), we will stop right now with a sincere wish that you are rewarded by the BEST CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR EVER! Have a good time.

C A L G A R Y

Surprises! hearing from Calgary office, but then things have been happening in our Branch the past few months.

Mr. N. White, who has been with the Company since 1919 in our fair Province, and Branch Manager of this office since 1927, decided there was better fishing and golfing in British Columbia. The staff and agency had a farewell banquet at the Palliser the latter part of June, and with Mr. W. D. Smart as master of ceremonies there was not a dull moment throughout the whole evening and on into the small wee hours of the morning. Henry Eatough thought we would all look charming posed for a picture, but maybe he will have better luck next time with his photography. We have not seen the negative around the office and are unable to forward one of the masterpieces, for which some of the group will be thankful.

On behalf of the staff and agency an appropriate gift was presented to Mr. White and we would like, at this time, to wish he and Mrs. White every happiness in their new home at Kelowna. We know, with such winning personalities, they will have many friends before long in their new surroundings.

Of course, we all wondered what our new manager would be like, and since he is no other than Mr. James Carver, Jr., from Saskatoon, introductions are not necessary. To say the least, we are all glad that Mr. Carver has come to stay with us, at which position he will be kept busy, but who could be more capable?

CHICAGO



On Tuesday, June 25, the members of the Chicago Agency and the entire office, enjoyed a picnic at Crystal Lake, Illinois, with headquarters at the Crystal Lake Country Club. Enclosed is a snapshot of the girls in our office, which was taken at the picnic.

Miss Dixon Retires

At the end of March 1940, Miss May L. Dixon retired from the Company's service and quietly bade farewell to her daytime home of the past twenty years.

For two years prior to her retirement, Miss Dixon was a member of the Filing Section of the Underwriting Department, but most of her service with the Company was in the Mail Department. Office associates all over the building remember how comforting it was, at the end of a long and frenzied hunt for correspondence, to be able to go to Miss Dixon who, with her friendly smile and pleasant disposition, was always ready and willing to help find the missing letter. Someone has said that you must work with people in order to know them. Those of us who have been privileged to work with May Dixon can bear testimony to her many acts of kindness and her unflinching courtesy.

Miss Dixon was a member of the Dramatic Club and took part in "Cock Robin", one of the Club's productions of a few years ago. For several years she sang in the choir of the G.W.L. Choral Club, which several times competed in the Manitoba Musical Festival. She was at one time a keen tennis player and held the Ladies' Singles Championship of the G.W.L. Tennis Club for one season. She also played on the Tennis Club's teams in Inter-Club competitions.

Because she "stole a march" on her fellow employees by just quietly leaving the office, several of them paid her a surprise visit at her home, where Miss Berneice Bedson presented her with a set of matched luggage, the gift of the Ladies' Club. A smart handbag, in which was a cheque, was her own department's farewell gift, presented by Miss Ritha Tetreault. The best of luck for future health and happiness was expressed in these gifts from her associates.

Miss Dixon, we are glad to say, is not leaving Winnipeg, but is continuing to reside at 257 Glenwood Crescent, Elmwood, where she and her sister have lived for many years.



Miss M. L. DIXON

Private 1299

By L. J. Hogg

ALMOST overnight the open prairie has been transformed into a vast militia camp, complete with cook-houses, mess-tents, canteens, ablution tables, showers, sanitation, administration headquarters, and all the necessities for the well-being of nearly 1,500 newly-recruited militiamen. Accompanied by their respective bands, the five units—Winnipeg Light Infantry, Royal Winnipeg Rifles, Winnipeg Grenadiers, Camerons and C.O.T.C.—have taken possession of Fort Osborne Camp.

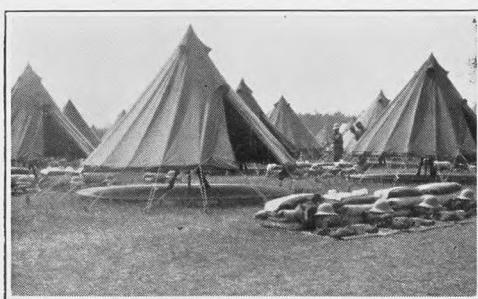
Yesterday, a citizen—today a mere number. The transition has been rapid and complete. Yesterday he enjoyed a measure of independence. But today! Today—he arose when he was told to arise; ate when he was permitted to eat; marched when he was ordered to march; and relaxed when he was allowed to relax. But, strangely enough, he has rather enjoyed it. The comradeship, raillery, and lusty humor pervading the grounds, and the vigor and precision of camp life more than compensate for the temporary loss of privilege.

Reveille at 0530 hours—5.30 a.m. to the civilian. Before the last watery echo of the bugle has died away, the long lines of silent tents come noisily to life. Tousled heads emerge from cover, followed by hastily-clad figures bent on winning elbow room at the ablution tables. Losing out, Private 1299 discovers a convenient fence-post that supports his mirror at the precise angle for shaving, and congratulates himself upon such mental brilliance. The misty rays of the rising sun provide excellent illumination for this delicate operation, and despite the icy water, he retires from his position with large areas of his face intact.



Hastening back to his tent to repack his toilet articles, he finds his tent-mates busily transferring the entire contents of the tent to the ground outside. But before he has time to learn the meaning of this remarkable behaviour, the Sergeant-Major, in raucous tones, orders the fall-in for the exercise parade, and Private 1299 finds himself panting along with his Company half a mile beyond the gates. Before reaching the international boundary, however, the S. M. decides upon a strategic withdrawal and, to the relief of all ranks, returns to camp in time to hear the breakfast call.

Leaping into line again with bowls, plates, and mugs, the quivering recruits await the command to "Right Turn, Quick March". An ample ration of porridge, eggs, and bacon awaits them, and Private 1299 eagerly sniffs the air as the column of men reaches the mess-tent. All too slowly the lines file past the serving ledge, but eventually, balancing his laden utensils, he seeks a seat amongst the crowd.

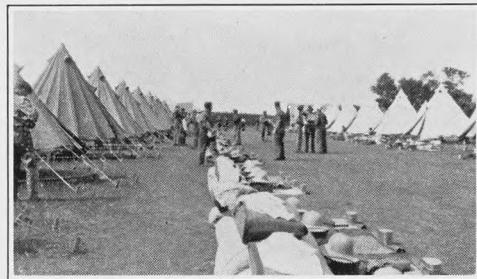


Having washed his dishes, he returns to his quarters, confidently expecting to spend twenty or thirty minutes in reverie and contemplation. But what does he find? His pals are at it again. Surely housemaids never worked as hard as this. First, the groundsheet must be placed on the ground, just so. On this his paillasse must be folded and placed with infinite care. His three blankets, folded meticulously, are then placed on the latter, and the whole is crowned with his eating

utensils. His personal belongings are hastily squeezed into the packsack, and the entire kit is arranged as directed by the sergeant in charge. As he surveys his handiwork, Private 1299 wonders whether he can escape bedmaking at home when his wife hears of this scientific training.

And so the day begins. Muster Parade at 0800 hours, and the commencement of the day's instruction. Following the battalion syllabus, Private 1299 and his confederates are introduced to platoon drill, rifle drill, field-craft, machine gun operation and many other prescribed exercises.

As the days pass, Private 1299 becomes accustomed to the rigorous life. He appreciates the need of discipline, and realizes that the restrictions that are enforced are no more than are necessary for the welfare of all. His awkwardness gradually disappears, and he is relieved that he can now shoulder arms without permanently disabling the man next in line. And what is more, he no longer turns to the right in lonely innocence when the platoon wheels in the opposite direction; nor does he collide with the man ahead when the platoon goes into reverse. Moreover, the phrase "esprit de corps" takes on a new meaning. He is jealous of his platoon's reputation. He is happy when they receive commendation, and resolves to do better when the O.C. expresses his disapproval.

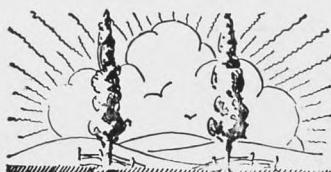


sional solos are followed by roars of approval. But at closing time, festivities end, and the canteens disgorge their occupants, who wend their way through the gloom to their various tents.

Groping on hands and knees for the lantern, the first to reach home wins the approbation of his friends by illuminating the final stages of their journey. The last man in closes the flap. Sighs of relief are heard as the men tug off their heavy boots; and presently the tent loses some of its orderliness as uniforms are wearily removed.

And finally—

Lights out. The laughter and banter gradually subsides, tired bodies slip carefully into the cozy folds, and silence envelopes the great camp.



Going Up!

FIRST FLOOR—Winnipeg Branch

Some of our men folk have been serving time away from the office, and it wasn't a holiday either—or was it? Doing their duty for King and Country—away at camp, these individuals being P. H. Kilvert, Ken Thomson, George Hood and Charlie Cresswell.

Our energetic Alfred Henry Thorndycraft has been devoting a good deal of his time away from the insurance end of it, in instructing the boys "how to do it". Once again he is doing his bit for King and Country.

We are going to miss our friend, Agent C. S. Turner, who has left Winnipeg to make his home in Vancouver and resume his business from our Vancouver Branch. We wish both him and Mrs. Turner the very best.

Agent Sidney Brooks has left our field force to don the uniform of the Anti-aircraft Battery.

Margaret Patterson, nee Hallson, a former member of the Winnipeg Branch, and who now resides in South Africa, came down to the office to see us during her visit with her parents in Winnipeg. We enjoyed seeing her again.

There hasn't been much activity here during the Summer months, as most people have been away on holidays, and many are still away and going.

Bill Lamont has just received a call from the Air Force. All our best wishes and good luck, Bill.

Investment Department

Faces we miss.—Ernie Collins, officially Capt. E. R. Collins, who is on the General Staff of M.D. 10 as District Intelligence Officer and General Staff Officer No. 3 Cadets. The training of leaders for the newly organized High School Cadet Corps as well as the supervision of the same Corps during their training syllabus is

The Office

Ernie's responsibility. Latest reports from him are "Very busy" and "Working hard".

Brian Dickson, at present Lieut. R. G. B. Dickson, took the C.O.T.C. course last Winter and on his graduation elected to take his commission with the 38th Field Battery Royal Canadian Artillery, who were then on a non-permanent militia basis. However, from this unit the First Light Anti-Aircraft Battery was organized as a unit of the C.A.S.F., and Brian was one of the officers called to the color.

Harry D. McLaren, our Brandon Loan Inspector, is now Major H. D. McLaren. "Mac" served overseas in the last war as a member of the 107th Pioneer Battalion, and later transferred to the 3rd Battalion Canadian Engineers. After a brilliant war record, the Armistice found him with a rank of Major. He is now a Company Commander, and at present is stationed at Fort Osborne Barracks, but expects to be transferred to Brandon, his home town, very shortly.

Jerry Reid has left to seek his fortune in other fields. The best of luck, Jerry, from all your Investment pals.

Romance had a field-day amongst the bachelors in our Department recently, both Alan Dunn and Gordon Hill having succumbed to the lure of wedding bells. Alan rated wide publicity regarding his nuptials, having chosen (wisely we hope) to make his plunge on the day of traditional ill-omen, Friday, the thirteenth of September. Gordon Hill, however, was more cautious and passed up the "Evil day" in favor of Saturday, September 21st. Alan and Gordon both received gifts from the Department as a token of our best wishes and "delightful" stag dinners were held in their honor, such as only the men *can* arrange! We extend our

ice Elevator

very best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Dunn and to Mr. and Mrs. Hill for happy wedded bliss. *Pax Vobiscum.*

On September 6, the Annual Feast of the Cob was held. Picturesque Schindel's farm on the banks of the historic Red provided the setting for an evening deluxe. After an exciting, if somewhat hectic, game of baseball the "happy gang" gathered around the festive board (or should I say stump) and partook of a sumptuous repast (weenies and golden bantam to you). Soft music stealing from the radio made the evening complete and it was with feelings of regret that the "Pay-or-else gang" left that Farming Fairyland and returned to the mundane metropolis.

And now, a great big welcome to the new members of our Department: Hilda Atkins, Evelyn Fraser, Eva Pearce, Mr. J. W. Canfield, Johnny Thistlethwaite and our new messenger, Vincent Sorrenti.

THIRD FLOOR—Card and Change Department

We welcome Norma MacIntosh, Beth Wilson, Evelyn Parsons, Ruth Campbell and Miss Ilys Booker to our Department and hope they will enjoy their stay.

Miss Nancy Spalding, who has been with us for the Summer months, is on her way to College for the Winter; we wish her lots of luck in the coming year.

Renewal Department

The Renewal Department must be a very, very good department because nothing very exciting ever seems to happen to it. We have some newcomers, however, in the persons of Lorna Bodie, Marion Taylor and Ross Croydon, and we hope they like us as much as we like them. We miss our chief checker, Ron MacInnes, who is now struggling with policy changes. Several of our members

had lovely trips this Summer—Mildred Grisdale enjoyed a Great Lakes Cruise, Dorothy Lee an extended trip to Toronto and Eastern points, Irene Irons a holiday at the Pacific Coast, and Ernie Shaw a motor trip through the Rockies. Keep up the golfing, Dick, you'll be a Champ some day—who knows? Bill Davis, Frank Hayne and Ernie Shaw spent two weeks in camp and came back in great condition.

FOURTH FLOOR—

Hollerith Department

With Army camps, holidays and weddings, we have been kept quite busy. Eileen Cowlishaw, our speedy key puncher, left us to be married, the man in question being Ron Turnbull of the Accountant's Department. In honor of Eileen, the Department entertained at a kitchen shower in the club rooms and we know that Ron won't go hungry now.

Gibb Shantz had the time of his life at the Army camp. Who says Army life is hard? Not so, according to Gibb. Gordon Hollingsworth keeps us well posted on himself. He has been stationed at Kingston, Jamaica, and speaks very favorably of the native girls and informs us that Jamaica rum is quite up to his expectations. Banff and Jasper seemed to be the popular spots for the Hollerites to spend their vacations this Summer. Edith Bowman, Florence Gibson and Alan Tarr all gave us first-hand information on these resorts on returning from holidays. The Coast was also a popular spot. Marie Jolin came back with favorable reports and Phyllis Bray is out there now.

The girls of the Department find they can well enjoy themselves together, outside of office hours, and so we had a very pleasant outdoor party out in Charleswood in the early Summer. Then we mustn't forget our bicycle treasure hunt. We bicycled for miles, got stumped on one of the clues, but were well rewarded for our efforts at the end of the trail, with plenty of good things to eat. The most recent of our hen parties was a roller skating party. No broken limbs were

reported and after our strenuous exercise we went back to Edith Bowman's and ate her out of house and home.

We wish to welcome into our Department Ruth Cowan. We don't know how long she will be with us, but are hoping that it will be for quite some time.

Mail Department

We are very sorry to lose Marguerite Chabot, who has left for Montreal and we all wish her best of luck in her future enterprises. Marguerite was the guest of honor at a tea attended by a large number of her fellow workers, and presented with farewell gifts as tokens of all their best wishes.

We will miss Everett Starink, who left us last week and welcome Michael Askey. Olive Hamilton has left for a vacation in St. Johns and we hope she has a grand holiday. Mr. McDonald went westward for his holiday and returned with reports of a wonderful time.

FIFTH FLOOR—Policy Department

Early in September we had our annual get-together in the form of a picnic. We were lucky to pick the last of the real hot days and we drank to the dregs of the Summer sunshine, fresh air, Red River water, etc., and enjoyed every drop of it, the Red River water being intended for those who took a dip after the bathing beauty contest. The winner of this contest donned for the occasion a brief, backless turquoise affair which molded him to perfection. Some of the stronger sex built the fire and we simply devoured the bacon snacks, hot dogs, etc., which were on the menu. After dinner, there was a ball game and music (a portable gramaphone accompanied us). There were apache dances, where our diminutive Lillian and our tall Mr. Heseltine really outdid the rest of us, and there was grand opera! Out of the branches came the Indian Love Call, and the answer back from out yonder—Mr. Murphy calling out to Yvette. What a masterpiece! A sing-song around the fire topped off the evening.

We were sorry to lose Audrey Tomlinson in August. She left us to become Mrs. Dunn and they will reside in Red Lake. We are all missing Audrey very much as she was one of those who combined business with pleasure—it was as much a pleasure to work with her as it seemed for her to work with us. The Department entertained in her honor at a shower in the Club rooms when she was presented with aluminum kitchenware.

A party was also held in Audrey's honor at Elwynne Williams' home, Helen Keough and Elwynne being joint hostesses. Audrey was presented with a yellow bedspread on this occasion, and during the evening a short skit entitled "Red Lake Corn", written by a member of the Policy Department, was presented, in which most members of the Department were starring. It's a great pity that Hollywood didn't have any scouts at this affair, because there was some extraordinary talent. The play was intended as a "take-off" on Audrey's future environment.

Good luck, happiness and prosperity to both Mr. and Mrs. Dunn!

Underwriting Department

We welcome Phyllis O'Brien, Hazel Barrend, Lorna Gillard and Fabiola DesRosiers.

Queenie Sampson left us for the realm of Matrimony and the girls of the Department entertained at a kitchen shower in the Club rooms in her honor. Best of luck, Queenie!

SIXTH FLOOR—Policy Changes

The Policy Changes lost their dynamic chief, Alex Sym, who departed to greener fields, to take a position in the Manitoba Government as Secretary of the Manitoba Civil Servants Pension Board.

Doreen Wortley has been a member of the Department for the past few months, replacing Olive Hamilton, who left us for the Underwriting Department. Mr. Harold Moore is the new Department Manager.

Group Department

Jean Warrington left in June to join the staff of the Prudential Life, and Betty French suddenly deserted us recently to take a position in the C.N.R. offices. We

wish them the best of luck. We welcome Ivy McNeill, and Grace Morgan. Grace comes to us from the Western Empire Life.

Profits

Ena Campbell has left for Vancouver, where she is now training to be a nurse. A tea was held in her honor on August 29 at Arlette Buffet's home, when a presentation was made.

Mae Cleghorn and Isobel Henderson were entertained at a joint shower in the club rooms on Thursday, September 5. As no doubt you all know, we have in our midst another bride, namely Mrs. Edward Gee, formerly Miss Frances Ross.

We wish to welcome Norah Robb, Muriel Atkins and Helen Paterson who have recently come to our Department.

SEVENTH FLOOR—Transcribing and Secretary's

We are sorry to part with Hilda Atkins, who left the Transcribing Department for the Investment Department, and we say "welcome" to Greta Corby, and others who come for a short stay, and hope you will like being with us. We must also welcome Iris Lawrence to the Secretary's Department and hope she will find us as amiable as we have found all the "Western Empire's".

Winifred Hunter left us to become Mrs. Millen and away back in July she entertained the Transcribing girls in her lovely home. We all had a delightful time and such delicious food!

Edna Watts and Eva Emma "Went West" for holidays early in the Summer, and Vera Dougall later travelled East to Toronto, and Margaret MacDonald to Montreal, while Madge Cuddy, May Walker, Nellie Windatt and Dorothy Goswell all favored the beautiful Lake shores for their vacation relaxation.

"I'll Bet it's a Woman!"



You are approaching a crossroad and see an arm shoot out from the automobile in front to indicate a turn. You turn obediently to the inside. Without warning, the car in front also swings in that direction. You slam on your brakes, missing a fender by inches. The other car continues down the side road, and, as you mop your brow, you mutter: "a woman driver".

It may be a libel, but there's no doubt in the mind of the average male that woman, so charming in other spheres, becomes an unpredictable quantity the moment she takes the steering wheel of an automobile.

See a car idling down the centre of the road at eighteen miles an hour, indifferent to the blare of a horn or the scream of a truck siren, and men whisper darkly: "it's a woman!" See arm movements from a car that signal frantically like a sailor semaphoring, leaving other drivers in the dark as to what they mean, and the word goes from car to car: "it's a woman!" When a driver uses the rear vision mirror to powder a nose, runs through a red traffic light, talks back imperiously to a cop: "it's a woman!"

In the light of this, it is interesting to note that a survey has proved women drivers to have fewer accidents and to be more careful drivers generally than the males who slander them!!—*Ediphone News*

Minaki 1940

By E. HONEYMAN

BREATHLESSLY we stand, balancing first on one foot and then on the other. Ah!—the last of our party arrives, and, clutching our respective bags, we nimbly climb up the stairs to the train. The crowd gives one last lunge to get aboard, and we are off.

We settle down with just the right degree of loungitude and lassitude to enjoy the signery for the first few minutes, and then the landscape broadens, and we find ourselves enjoying the scenery. But suddenly it is sing-song time, and we burst into the glory of song, only to find we are not singers, but vocalamities; however, who cares? On with the song. The fashion show “à la male” appears with a fanfare and much laughter. Again the window draws us, and behold, the bald prairies and poplars have given way to mossy rocks and lovely pines interspersed with glassy lakes—and then Minaki!

We pile our golf clubs, tennis racquets and bags, and gleefully tumble from the train like school children playing hookey. Gathered on the lawn, we slip on our running shoes for the annual relay, and run like mad. The Investment Department prove to be the most fleet of foot and walk off with the Dexter Trophy. Entering the novelty event, we fish around so long for a partner that the race is over, and all are suddenly running for the lunch room faster than they did for the relay.

A delicious luncheon hastily downed, we toss our last dime between golf or a launch trip, and the trip wins, perhaps because we only had that dime. So the afternoon is spent winding past pine-clad islands, lazing in blue waters reflecting fleecy clouds. But time slips away as easily as money and presto! We are back at the Inn. Here we feel the need of a little refreshment, but as our desire is nipped in the budget, we saunter over the grounds with a flirtive look in our eyes, and soon we meet up with some of those G.W.L'ers who get their mental exercise by jumping at conclusions, and luckily for us, their conclusions were correct, and soon we were quenched.

Then we double back to see the water sports, and to take a quick, cold plunge in the refreshing water. Exhilarated, we quickly climb into our dinner clothes (the ones we wore down) and race in to toast Minaki for half an hour. Good old Minaki!! Then follows the big event of the day—Dinner, a most happy and pleasant event. Highlights of memories are the award of the MacCharles Trophy for the Men's Golf Championship to Art Johnston, Mr. MacCharles' address, the presentation of a beautiful tray to Mr. Shepherd from the Men's Club on the occasion of his retirement, Mr. Morgan's appreciative remarks, Mr. Shepherd's reply in farewell, and the inimitable Mr. Cowie as chairman.

Soon afterwards, the men, standing three deep in women, are gallantly tripping (literally) over the floor, and ping-ponging compliments to and fro. Strikes 9.30; now is the time for all good people to parade to the station. The tempo of fun accelerates for a time, on the train, then, as sleepiness comes over all, the brakes begin to pull, and we return home still tired, but happy, and the next morning we learn once again that you can't rise with the lark if you have been out on one the night before.



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Photographs by H. White

1. A glimpse of the beautiful scenery at Minaki.
2. Mr. Vic Cowie lining up the contestants for the novelty race.
3. A shot from the sidelines at the races. Note the various manifestations of enthusiasm in the facial expressions, while Mr. Bingeman and Mr. Dexter exchange views on the latest styles of female sportswear.
4. The trek from the station to the beautiful Minaki Inn.
5. Mr. Dexter and the winners of the relay race, who claimed the Dexter trophy for the first floor.
6. Excitement runs high as a race nears the finish line. Vic Cowie superintends proceedings, while Mr. Baker looks pleased. He must have bet on the favorite.

Transfers

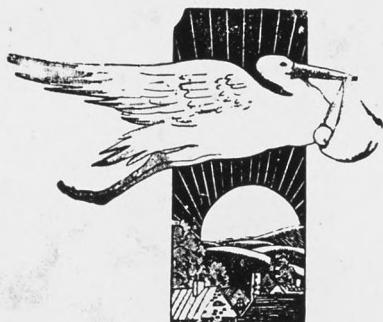
Miss N. Robb to Profits Department.

Miss M. Atkins to Profits Department.

Miss H. Atkins to Investment Department from Transcribing Department.

Miss I. McNeill to Group Department from Reassurance Department.

Mr. Jack Ritchie has recently been transferred to Toronto Office. He was one of the most popular members of Head Office staff, and we are very sorry to lose him. Our very best wishes go with him and we are sure that he will make a great success of whatever work he undertakes in the East. Best of luck, Jack!



Births

Mr. and Mrs. E. Best, nee Hildred Hamill—a son.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Herman, nee Maxine Pingle—a son.

Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Martin—a daughter, Gay Diane.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Sim—a daughter.

We express sincere sympathy to Jimmie Dott in the death of his father.

We extend our sympathy to Barbara Gray in the death of her father.

We offer our sincere sympathy to Marjorie Horsley in the tragic, sudden death of her father.

Deep sympathy is extended to Eddie Knudson in the loss of his mother.

We wish to extend sincere sympathy to Miss R. Stein in the death of her father.

We are sorry to hear of the death of Ritha Tetreault's father, and extend our sincere sympathy.



Engagements

Ruby Flett to Errol Treleaven

Olive McWilliams to Hector Elliott

Phyllis O'Brien to Roy Tompkin

George S. Testar to Margaret E. Morley



Marriages

Art Bardal to Evelyn McAllister

Edna Caswill to H. Price

Adelaide A. Cordy to F. Todd

Eileen Cowlishaw to Ronald Turnbull

Mae Cleghorn to Harry Van der Veken

Alf Davis to H. Hanmer-Jones

Alan Dunn to Jean Murray

Muriel Giles to Hugh Horne

Isobel Henderson to Gordon Hill

Winifred Hunter to William Millen

Philip H. Kilvert to Betty Laird

Frances Ross to Edward Gee

Queenie Sampson to Frederick Morris

Myrtle Swardfager to Jack Hichens

Audrey Tomlinson to John S. Dunn

Sid Watson to Kathleen M. Thomson

ATHLETIC CAPERS LADIES ATHLETIC ACTIVITIES

Another election of officers has been made and another year of athletic activity is over. A brief resume of the past year shows a successful organization of a swimming Class, the continuation of the Ladies' Bowling League and an attempt to arrange a Golf Tournament. One can hardly say what the coming year will bring, but we

are hoping to renew as many of our interests as possible. The Ladies' Bowling League has already got away to a good start with the same number of teams as last year. The Swimming Club for this season has a small but enthusiastic membership and a Keep-Fit class has been organized and takes the form of physical exercises once a week in the clubrooms. Watch the girls in this group carefully and notice their improved posture, their gracefulness and poise! It looks as though there is a year of interesting and varied activity in store for the athletic girl.

MIXED BOWLING LEAGUE

At the annual meeting in the Club-rooms, Mr. Morgan was again appointed Honorary President by acclamation and the President, Mr. Martin, was re-elected to the chair. Mr. Emby is the new Vice-President and Mr. Latournerie again resumed the office of Secretary-Treasurer.

There are approximately 15 new bowlers this year, the remainder of the league being veterans of many a bitter campaign.

From our "Club Digest" 22 years ago.

The W. A. A. G.'S.

"Have a paper, sir? All about the Waacs".

"The Waacs! Oh, yes, the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps".

"Naw! That's not what it means".

"Not what it means? Well, what does it mean?"

"WE'RE ALL AFTER CANADIANS!", was the prompt reply.

"Have a paper, sir?"

The small boy is usually up to date.

At the present time, Mr. Frank Hayne, one of the aforementioned veterans, is leading the men in the averages, but the ladies' averages are now being topped by a newcomer to our league, Miss Yvette Sala, followed by another newcomer, Miss Rosina Buckingham.

From a point where our executive felt we might not have a league this year, present enthusiasm runs so high that it looks as though we are due for a banner season.

Mr. W. Lamont, one of our team captains, has just been called by the Air Force, and has been replaced by Mr. R. Turnbull.

All those interested should come down to the Bowldrome some Wednesday at seven and see why they do it year after year.

November 1806

*Another year! Another deadly blow!
Another mighty empire overthrown!
And we are left, or shall be left, alone;
The last that dare to struggle with the foe.
'Tis well! from this day forward we shall know
That in ourselves our safety must be sought;
That by our own right hands it must be wrought,
That we must stand unpropred, or be laid low,
O dastard, whom such foretaste doth not cheer!
We shall exult, if they who rule the land
Be men who hold its many blessings dear,
Wise, upright, valiant, not a servile band,
Who are to judge of danger which they fear,
And honor which they do not understand.*

—WORDSWORTH.

We could believe that Wordsworth lived today, so timely is this sonnet of more than a century ago.—(Ed.)

I've Been to Banff

By E. CARROLL



Banff. This brings to mind the saying that some people's reminiscences are reminiscences.

Of course, I do not wish to make mountains out of molehills—it is not necessary to do so. The mountains are there—a stone's throw from Banff. They are heavy drama and have their ups and downs. One day they glitter against the blue sky like rock candy; the next, they are dark, moody and remote, the peaks rising regally above drifts of grey cloud; other days, they are obscured in mists. They want, like the scenic lady, Garbo, to be alone!

In this desire for seclusion, Garbo, the mountains and the lakes are all in the same boat. The lakes are secreted away in unfrequented spots like gems of the first water. Peyto Lake, the loveliest of all, in a setting of serene peaks, sparkles at the verge of Peyto Glacier, like an enchanted sapphire pendant that might have slipped from the throat of a goddess when the world was young. This lake was named, I heard, after a resident of Banff who discovered it and who appreciated an uncorking good time. You can't believe everything you hear, but you can always repeat it.

There are no bars at Banff and much wild life. Ah yes, indeed, Banff has no bars and no barriers. It is the paradise of all four-footed things. Live and let live is the idea—you hope! The stately elk roams free with its calf under its wing; mountain sheep, who favor a reverse stance, gaze freely at you in puzzled wonderment, around curling horns. Often the tourist is stunned to find himself cheek by jowl with a moose—a moose has rather a stunning face. When going alone on a hike the adventurer is assured that bears will *probably* not molest him. However, if the bear shows a tendency to give beady, suspicious looks, the recipient of these should not allow the bear to circle around him. He should take the initiative and circle around the bear, preferably in a spiral movement, working downhill. In the event of the bear being accompanied by a cub, the radius of the spiral should be greatly extended and the movement accelerated.

Now, let me tell, oh do let me tell, about the mountain trails! You can hike up any of the mountains in the vicinity of Banff. There is one hitch to this hike—the spirit is willing, but the breath is weak!

First, you will climb Tunnel Mountain. At the top the air has the s-zzzzzzzz of champagne and one gets an exhilarating view of Banff and the blue ribbon. All tourists

seem to think that the Bow River is like a blue ribbon. After climbing Tunnel Mountain you will feel you have done yourself proud—until you climb Mount Norquay and have Tunnel Mountain pointed out as that minor detail near towering and majestic Mount Rundell. On a misty day the view of the mountains from Norquay Lookout suggests a vast and delicate painting upon a veil.

Finally, you will climb Sulphur Mountain which rises to an altitude of 4,000 feet above the Bow Valley. As already intimated, if you are the type who finds climbing as well as scenery, breathtaking, you will set aside a day for this climb. Before you reach the halfway mark you toss your lunch and thermos to the squirrels. To save your face, you keep your mug and are soon rewarded by a sign indicating that drinking water is to be had at the left. You stumble down a path, turn, and your reaction to what you see enlightens you as to the meaning of a nervous jit. You have before you, as Tennyson might put it, the "long brook falling through the cloven ravine, in cataract after cataract," to the Bow Valley in the blue gorge below. You have merely to lean over the cloven ravine and hold out your little mug for a drink, for you can't take it!



At about this elevation on the day we chose for the climb, a slight shower occurred, during which we stood sheltered under a tall and plumey pine. Then, the sun came out and below us, piercing folds of grey cloud, was a rare and radiant rainbow. At long last we reached the summit. There, after a sprinkling of snow, the sun reappeared and we found ourselves gazing on a sea of mountain peaks in shadowy blues and blacks. Like the gods that careless lie beside their nectar, we consumed coffee and hot dogs at the Camp on the summit of Mount Sulphur.

In conclusion, let me urge you to go to Banff, the jewel of the Rockies. See the mountains, the hidden lakes, the elk and mountain sheep, the canyons and the rivers like blue ribbons. But, don't expect me to listen to your travelogues—I've been to Banff!

Of Interest to Future Actuaries

The following is an extract from a letter written by an actuarial student in the East, who was a member of Head Office staff for a time:

"My landlady is a "furniture changer". What a horrible, loathsome disease it is, too! At first I never knew where my bed would be when I arrived home. I'm getting her trained now, though—the disease is not nearly so virulent nowadays. She would find all sorts of things if she started changing things now—logarithms under the carpet, symbols behind the baseboard, and long, green, slithery formulae in every corner. Figures swarm up like flies every time you move—it's really quite a room. Maybe all I need is a walk around the block. No doubt I'm slightly insane—I'm not drunk, so it must be insanity. See how I reason it out?

Interest factors are the worst, though; they stick in your clothes like burrs and come off on your hostess's furniture, fall all out of your pockets at the most inopportune moments. It's all very embarrassing. I caught an approximate integration formula in the clothes cupboard last week. It had fins on its back, a tail and seven legs—and its eyes, so very, very inscrutable, all three of them. I preserved it in alcohol in case I might use it sometime. There's a nest of U's and K's in there too but I haven't had time to clean that out."

'Tis thought by some that Shakespeare himself may have been prophesying the wailing of air raid sirens of today when he wrote: "That strain again, it had a dying fall".

The Coffee Hour

*Our Rose is there at nine o'clock,
With coffee ready piping hot,
For those who stayed abed too late,
Having other excuses, sorry to state.*

*But ten o'clock is the official tilt,
For coffee and biscuits, tea or milk.
When Managers, clerks, one and all
Can talk and satisfy that inward call.*

*We leave our desks at different times,
And by appointment, that pal of mine,
Has gone up top, we meet on eight,
When Austin's ready our thirsts to slake.*

*With cup in hand, our table selected,
We take our seats, feeling dejected.*

*It's "Hello Baron! Hello Bill!
"What's the dope you've got to spill?"
"Oh, go on, you can tell me!!
"That stuff's stale, we are in the Army."*

*Captains, lieutenants, sergeants and men
Armchair generals, Admirals and then,
Strategic false moves, you know the story;
If we hadn't—all would have been glory.*

*Business discussed, problems debated
"Apps" rejected and policies reinstated.
Rugby, badminton, tennis and golf,
Fishing, shooting, baseball and squash.*

*Each has his sport, each has his play,
Topics discussed are changed every day.
The Curling season is now at hand,
That skip's feeling,—isn't it grand?*

*Between the sip and puff of smoke,
He tells of that past master stroke;
How his last rock beat opposition,
Slipping thru guard on to the button.*

*The ladies, too, have much to say,
Disappointments, surprises, wedding days.
Styles and fashions come in for expression;
Holidays and trips to lands that beckon.*

*But authority steps in, we must pull away,
As fifteen minutes is our limited stay.*

*So our minds refreshed, or interests stirred.
With fresh impetus and vision cleared,
Our work we do with increased power,
Appreciating the coffee hour.*

—C.G.J.

The First Mrs. Chiverick



THE Spring production of The Great-West Life Dramatic Club for the year 1940 was quite up to the high standard of excellence we have all come to expect from this organization. The vehicle was of the most popular type, a light comedy, and afforded ample scope for the display of no little ability on the part of a well-chosen cast. Your reporter has ever been a susceptible individual and when confronted by such an aggregation of beauteous damsels as graced the boards on this happy occasion he was simply a pushover, to use a modern but inelegant phrase. Comparisons, besides being invidious, are quite out of place here, for while one likes them slight, others like them—ah—more well-rounded. For our part we liked them all—immensely! Elizabeth Gibb, as Beatrice Harlow, Grace Hooper as Margaret Halsey, Jean Slattery as Connie Chiverick (the 2nd Mrs.), Beth Ferguson as Bessie Carleton and Jean Ross as Lucille Smith (alias Mary, alias the 1st Mrs.) all were well cast and all did a most excellent job.

As for the men (I suppose we had better mention them), Gordon Hill played a young physician who rejoiced in the name of Dicky Van Arsdale, Wilf Watkins, the butler, Martin. Jimmie Lawrie was John Chiverick, whose philanderings caused all the trouble; Alex. Jessiman played Larry McLeod, and Jim Turnbull played Benjamin Halsey.

As is the case in most well-arranged plays, everything turned out fine and everybody lived happily ever after. Mention must be made of the splendid contribution of the Orchestra, conducted by Mr. W. J. Shepherd and the assistance and note of color lent by the ushers. The unseen, but necessary work of stage hands, property man, electrician and prompter must have been everything desired, because we were quite oblivious to their existence.

Orchids to Mr. William Best who made his debut as director of a full-length production on this occasion. A very fine performance indeed.

Chuckles--eh What!

Father: "I saw you kissing that young man good night last night. Don't you think that kissing is a good way to transmit germs?"

Daughter: "Good? Gosh, Dad, it's perfect!"

Nervous Suitor: "Sir, er—that is, I would like to—er—that is, I have been going with your daughter for five years . . ."

Father: "Well, waddya want—a pension?"

"Honey, we're going to have a swell time tonight. I have two tickets to a lecture."

"But I don't like lectures."

"I know, but your mother and father do."

A sentry on night duty near a recently bombed cemetery, saw a ghost making off in a hurry. "Where are you off to?" said the soldier.

"I'm off to another cemetery" said the ghost. "There's no rest here!"

"Very wise," said the sentry. "Pass, friend." —*Daily Express*.

When the defense barrage balloons were over an English town, one old lady was gazing at them in bewilderment. "It's all right, lady," a warden assured her. "They're there for your protection."

"Are they indeed!" she exclaimed. "Well, they'll never get me to climb up there!"—*Sunday Chronicle*.

Financial Statement

OF THE
GREAT-WEST LIFE LADIES' CLUB

March 20, 1940 to September 24, 1940

GENERAL ACCOUNT

Cash on Hand and Balance in Bank, March 20, 1940.....	\$146.92
<i>Receipts</i> —	
Club Fees.....	\$118.90
Sale of Club Stationery.....	.30
Collections re Fashion Show and Tea.....	28.20
Collections re Annual Dinner.....	48.65
Bank Interest.....	.31
	196.36
	<hr/>
	\$343.28
<i>Disbursements</i> —Free Press.....	.50
Magazines and Periodicals.....	4.00
Fruit and Flowers.....	41.75
Transfer of Funds to Gift Account.....	100.00
Gift Wrappings.....	1.68
Moore's Taxi.....	1.15
Expenses re Fashion Show and Tea.....	26.63
Expenses re Annual Dinner.....	79.35
	255.06
	<hr/>
Cash on Hand and Balance in Bank, September 24, 1940.....	\$ 88.22
Cash on Hand.....	5.98
Balance in Bank.....	82.24
	88.22
	<hr/>

GIFT ACCOUNT

Balance in Bank, March 20, 1940.....	\$ 91.15
<i>Receipts</i> —	
Club Fees.....	\$178.35
Transfer of Funds from General Account.....	100.00
Bank Interest.....	.16
	278.51
	<hr/>
	369.66
<i>Disbursements</i> —Gifts.....	\$252.55
	252.55
	<hr/>
Balance in Bank, September 24, 1940.....	\$117.11

TO RA MORRISON, Treasurer.

Schoolboy Boners

What part did the U.S. Navy play in the War? It played the Star Spangled Banner.

To germinate is to become a naturalized German.

A grass widow is the wife of a vegetarian.

The dome of St. Paul's is supported by eight peers, all of which are unfortunately cracked.



